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West Baden and French Lick Springs. For the accommodation of visitors to West Baden and French Lick Springs the Monon Route will run a sleeping car to the springs every Saturday night, beginning Saturday, June 2, and returning every Sunday night.
The new billiard hall of Messrs. Fagan & Barber, over the House of David, 162 Clark street, is the finest in the city. Visit it.
A new furnishing goods department has been added to Shyne's State street store.

LESS THAN \$1,000 A YEAR.

The Cost of Education Now at Cambridge University, England.
The Cambridge students of to-day strike the stranger as a splendid lot of healthy, earnest young men, says a writer in the Omaha Bee. The descriptions of Cambridge life at the end of the last century which have been given us would not hit the mark now. In those days beer drinking and roystering and dog fancying and horse riding occupied most of the time of the young lords, more angles being described on billiard tables than in the class-rooms. This sort of thing is very much looked down upon nowadays, and the boys who make display of their wealth are by no means the most popular. When the young princes were sent to Cambridge the Prince of Wales left positive instructions that their companions were to be absolutely selected from the industry stood highest, and that under students whose morals, capacity and no circumstances should they associate with the fast set of young extravagant lords and rich men's sons, who sometimes boasted that they would not have to live by their learning. Economy, decency, manliness and earnestness seem to be inculcated here as much as book learning. I was told by several fellows that from \$750 to \$1,500 per annum was ample to meet the entire expenses of a young man at Cambridge. That more than this sum was not only unnecessary but undesirable. On the ship coming over I met the sons of a rich Philadelphia iron master, just from an American college. The stories those young men told me of the extravagance of college students in the United States, if true, were enough to make us out of conceit with the higher schools of our own country. Compare the simple rooms of Cambridge students, and Cambridge professors, too, for that matter, with some of the suites of our own college "swellidom." And yet what a procession of great men these little rooms with their narrow staircases, low doors and diamond-paned leaden window casements, have seen. Our rich men, most of them men of simple habits and tastes, would do well to follow the present generation of wealthy Englishmen and insist upon no vulgar display at college. Let them think of the splendid young men Cambridge is turning out at a cost per annum of from \$750 to \$1,000, the first mentioned sum, the faculty says, preferred.

Enough Said.

Mr. Emmet Norris was a careful, prudent man. He lived about twelve miles from the nearest market town and made weekly journeys thither, carrying the produce of his farm behind his strong team of oxen. This journey occupied an entire day, and Mr. Norris generally returned tired, but in good spirits and full of his day's experiences. Once, in early fall, the family were alarmed to see him coming into the yard at supper-time, walking, and without the oxen. Mrs. Norris hurried to the door.

"Why, father, where's the oxen?" she exclaimed.

Mr. Norris made no immediate response, but sat down heavily on the door-step.

"I've walked clear from M—," he said, in a discouraged voice, "and I was wore out before I started chasing after those oxen."

"Did them old critters run away? I never heard the beat. Where be they?"

"I s'pose what there is left of 'em is between here and Boston," said Mr. Norris, with a sigh. "I had to take my load down to the freight office by the railroad, and I had to go and look up Mr. Young; so I jest hitched a chain I saw laying there round the yoke and on to an old car that seemed to be sidetracked, and I went after Mr. Young."

"I found him, and we was just a coming out of his office when I saw that car a-movin. It started up kind of slow, then it gave a jerk, and before I could get down those steps the cart was upside down and those poor critters was going at a rate I didn't believe was in 'em."

Mr. Norris looked down at his dust-covered feet.

"Well, Emmet, why didn't you stop the car?"

Mr. Norris rose slowly, and looked at his wife.

"I own to bein' careless and reckless, Amanda, but I ain't so foolish as to expect to stop a train by yelling at it, and I don't want to say no more about it. I've lost a valuable team and thirty bushels of potatoes, and walked over twelve miles, and I ain't in no mood for discussing why I hitched those oxen, or why I didn't unhitch 'em. We'll let the question rest right here."

A Trial by Jury.

Some time ago in the Barnett County (N. C.) Superior Court, Judge Shipp presiding, the trial of a case had been protracted till near midnight. The jury was tired and sleepy and showed flagging attention. Willie Murchison, who was addressing the jury, thought to arouse them, so he said:

"Gentlemen, I will tell you an anecdote."

Instantly, the judge, the jury, and the few spectators perched up their ears and were all attention, as Murchison was admirable in that line, had a fund of anecdotes, and no one could tell them better. But he soon proceeded to tell one of the dullest, prosiest and most pointless jokes possible. Every body looked disappointed. The judge leaning over, said in an unmistakable tone of disappointment: "Mr. Murchison, I don't see the point to that joke."

"Nor I either," replied the witty counsel. "But your honor told it to me on our way down here, and as I thought the lack of appreciation must be due to my obtuseness, I concluded to give the joke a trial by jury."

A Gigantic Beehive.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky harbors too many bees to be a comfortable place to travel in. The last time I went through it I took both the long and short routes, as they are called. At several places there were rather too many bees for me to feel entirely comfortable, although I was not attacked by any of them. If the cave should be explored for honey some rich find would undoubtedly be made. The bees are increasing constantly.

Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrakh" is the Arabic word for trefol, which, under the name of shamrock, has been made the national bloom of Ireland.